

Enchanted 308

Taking a deep breath, she knocked at the door lightly.

Someone stepped over, and a second later, Daisy opened the door.

Ignoring Daisy's face, Irish saw Joseph in the chair. His face was still pale. Without enough rest, his cheeks had become sunken and more angular. He heard the sound and raised his head. Seeing her standing beside the door, he was not as serious as before.

"Please give me some time." He said briefly.

Joseph stood up. Daisy let him past, and he just walked out. He was surprised at her neat clothes and then looked out the window, frowning, "It's not a good day for you to go out."

He thought that she was about to go out.

He didn't know that she had been out and back already today.

Irish looked up at his face. On his chin was newly-grown stubble. His tall figure exuded a strong power, but his exhaustion could still be felt. She wanted to touch his face lightly or hug him.

She sighed lightly and then pretended to be relaxed, "I have booked the ticket to Hong Kong, 7 o'clock tonight."

She saw Joseph's surprised expression. He then spoke with a sense of indulgence and helplessness.

"Irish. You know we leave tomorrow."

"You misunderstood me." Then her words became hurtful. She licked her lips and avoided his eyes deliberately, "I just booked mine, and I have packed up my luggage. Mr. Will is on the way to pick me up. I...I just wanted to tell you."

As she stopped, even the air became cold. Joseph's face looked like it was made of ice.

His whole body went stiff. Irish could not catch her breath, so she just forced herself to look at him. She found that not only his face but his eyes had become cold as well. He just closed his lips tightly. Irish didn't want to see him looking at her like this.

"It's difficult to change old habits, and I actually like to do things alone." Her voice was so light that it sounded casual. However, she didn't dare speak louder because she knew she would choke and start to cry.

Joseph didn't say anything. His eyes became terrifying and cold.

She lowered down her head to conceal the loneliness in her eyes, and her heart beat quickly. Although she lowered her head, she could still feel his sharp glance, which shot down her whole spine and made her feel weak and powerless.

After a long while, she heard his voice, showing indifference.

"Whatever." He blurted out.

Irish was shocked, so she looked up at him. He didn't leave immediately after it but stared at her. He seemed to be acting very strangely.

"Daisy!" He suddenly shouted.

The door was quickly opened, and Daisy walked in. She sensitively figured out the strange atmosphere, so as she spoke, her voice sounded very careful, "Mr. Dover..."

"Book the tickets back to New York immediately." He ordered her stiffly.

Daisy was confused at first but soon realized the situation. She nodded and looked at Irish, "Doctor Irish, your passport...."

"Just two tickets. One is for me, and the other is for you." Joseph interrupted Daisy's words and turned back into the study.

Daisy was astonished. As she looked at Irish, she asked tentatively, "What's...wrong?" She had worked for Joseph for many years, and she had never seen Joseph so angry.

Irish lowered her head and felt very embarrassed. She tolerated the great pain and didn't answer Daisy's question. She just repeated Joseph's words lightly, "You just need to book two tickets. One is for you, and the other is for him."

After half an hour, Will arrived at the hotel. Irish came out with her luggage. Feeling strange, he walked forward and took her luggage, and put it in the trunk. He wondered why Mr. Dover hadn't come downstairs with her.

She was very tired and didn't want to explain much, so she just said lightly, "He is very busy."

It was true. She had a clear idea about how busy he was and how fretful she was.

The sunshine had been covered by dark clouds again. The wind blew again, and the leaves were blown against the window heavily, accompanied by a little rain. Soon the rain became heavy and blurred the world outside the window.

Will had his seatbelt fastened and kept cursing about today's weather. He was fond of sunshine, so this kind of weather put him in a bad mood.

Irish sat on the back seat, turning her head to see the sudden rain. Finally, she had a way to vent out her anguish. She cried.

She didn't want to leave earlier, but she was afraid that she would become a burden to him.

It wouldn't change much even if they had gone to Hong Kong since they would still be faced with the rumors when they went back to New York. It would be better for her to go on a trip alone and let him go back first. In this way, at least the directors would not lose their temper with him, and he could have a good rest.

The car left the parking lot of the hotel. She turned back and looked at the tall buildings through the mist. She knew that she couldn't see him, but she longed to do so.

Her tears fell down her face and filled her eyes, making it difficult for her to get a clear look through the front.

There was a soft voice in her mind, "Joseph. I love you so much. We tend to lose our tempers at people who provide a sense of security for us, and you are the man who makes me feel safe. As a result, I subconsciously know that you will not leave me. Sometimes being wild is a demonstration of independence...."

Back in the study, Joseph didn't sit down but stood silently in front of the window for a long time. As Daisy entered, she saw his strong but lonely figure. He looked like a lone wolf that nobody would dare approach.

But Daisy still said rapidly. "Mr. Dover, Doctor Irish has left." She didn't know what was wrong between them, but it felt strange.